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### The Evening World First.

Number of columns of advertising in The  
Evening World for 12 months, ending  
January 31, 1904. 12,231 1/2

Number of columns of advertising in The  
Evening World for 12 months, ending  
January 31, 1903. 7,856 1/2

INCREASE..... 4,374 1/2

This record of growth was not equalled by any  
newspaper, morning or evening, in the United States.

### BALTIMORE'S OPPORTUNITY.

Baltimore has at this moment an opportunity such  
as has been granted but once before to a great American  
city. She has 155 acres of land at her business centre  
in the form of a blank sheet upon which she may write  
what she will. She may replan her streets and build-  
ings in the light of the best experience of the world.  
She may do for herself what L'Enfant did for Washing-  
ton, knowing, as he did not, that she is planning a real,  
living city, and not a paper fantasy.

In London, Paris and Berlin the authorities do not  
hesitate to improve their outgrown arrangements by  
cutting new avenues straight through blocks of costly  
buildings, and they find that the increased value of the  
land more than pays for the outlay. Baltimore will not  
have to do that. She can replace her obsolete checker-  
board plan with an arrangement of broad, radiating  
streets that will put the business centre into the most  
direct communication with all the residential quarters,  
and this enormous gain in convenience and beauty can  
be gained without having to pay damages for the de-  
struction of a single building. She can provide for  
charming circles, triangles and squares like those of  
Washington. She can try, by voluntary co-operation,  
if not by law, to secure a certain harmony in the style  
and height of the buildings on the new blocks. She  
can provide for fireproof construction throughout. She  
can rearrange her transportation system and build un-  
derground galleries for wires and pipes of all kinds.

The first impulse is naturally to rebuild every house  
on the site of its predecessor, but if Baltimore is wise  
she will take time to think before throwing away an  
opportunity which, it is to be hoped, will never come  
again. Laying out new streets is an expensive process  
at any time, but no Baltimorean will live to see it as  
cheap hereafter as it would be to-day.

### JAPAN LEADS OFF.

The Japanese have drawn first blood with superb  
celerity, putting three Russian ships out of action with  
practically no loss to themselves. To attack a battle  
fleet in its own waters with torpedo-boats was an auda-  
cious venture, but one as shrewd as it was daring. Had  
it failed no great harm would have been done, while its  
success leaves the intact Japanese fleet in at least tem-  
porary mastery of the sea.

Even before this stroke the Japanese naval force at  
the scene of action was stronger on paper than the Rus-  
sian. Now that the Russians have lost for the time the  
use of the two most powerful of their eight battleships  
and a fine cruiser they must be almost hopelessly over-  
matched, unless they have a torpedo surprise of their  
own to spring.

There never was a better illustration of the principle  
that it is not what one has that counts, but what he has  
just where and when it is needed. The Russian navy is  
much more powerful than the Japanese, but it is so  
divided that it is unable to meet the enemy anywhere in  
equal force. If the Japanese succeed in destroying Rus-  
sia's Asiatic fleet they will then be able to take  
care of any ships she can send out from Europe. It  
would really have been an advantage to Russia to leave  
her Pacific coast bare of naval protection until she could  
send an overpowering force all together, rather than to  
split up her navy and allow it to be beaten in detail.

When the Live Wire Was Busy.—Baltimore's Fire Chief  
was disabled at the start by a live wire. Such a thing  
could not happen on Manhattan Island now, but if Mr.  
Vreeland should have his way on West street it might.  
Without claiming the gift of prophecy, we venture to  
predict that Mr. Vreeland will think again.

### THE MERCHANTS ON THE GAS TRUST.

The Merchants' Association has gone to the heart of  
the local lighting problem in its memorial to the Senate  
Committee on Finance. It shows:

That two great monopolies, that of gas and that of  
electricity, "have been built up on the right to use the  
subsurface of the public streets."

That as these monopolies derive their power from the  
Legislature, and are based on the use of public prop-  
erties, they are subject to regulation by law.

That the present price of gas would afford a profit of  
more than 100 per cent. on the net cost eighteen years  
ago, "since which time notable improvements in the  
manufacture of gas have largely decreased the net cost."

That "the same conditions exist as to electric lighting  
companies."

That in consequence of their control of public prop-  
erty "the prices which these monopolies exact for their  
commodities are not determined by the cost or value of  
these commodities, but by the necessities of the con-  
sumers and their powerlessness to make a fair bargain."

These things, in the opinion of the association, de-  
mand a thorough expert investigation in advance of at-  
tempts at permanent legislation. But the suffering pub-  
lic is entitled in the meantime to such temporary relief  
as can be extended by an emergency measure providing  
for "immediately efficient inspection and maintenance  
of the quality of gas in the city of New York."

As the people of this city are not the only sufferers  
from the oppression of lighting monopolies, whose  
methods everywhere are the same, it is very properly  
held that any scheme of permanent relief should be one  
of general application.

# The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

The Most Important Little Man on Earth.

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Mr. Peewee Pops Against "Popper" on the Popping Question.



To-day's \$5 Prize "Evening Fudge" Editorial was written by Thomas Cole, 203 Thomas St., Newark, N. J.

PRIZE PEEWEE HEADLINES  
FOR TO-DAY, \$1 Paid for Each.—  
No. 1—THOMAS F. O'DONNELL,  
545 Third avenue, New York City;  
No. 2—WILL A. TALMADGE, care

### A Fool and "The Fudge."

With Apologies to "The Vampire."  
There was a fool and he read the Fudge,  
Even as you and I,  
And o'er his fingers there came a smudge  
That wouldn't come off—that wouldn't budge.  
Against that paper he now has a grudge,  
Even as you and I.  
JOHN COEN, 261 Ninth avenue, City.

of Southern New England Tele-  
phone Co., Derby, Conn.; No. 3—  
CHARLES HERR, 415 E. Eighty-  
fourth street, New York City.

To-Morrow's Prize Editorial, "RAILROADS Must INCREASE Their Fare to 10 Cents."

## SASSY SUE—By the Creator of "Sunny Jim."

She Wins the Heavy-Weight Championship.



Sassy Sue chanced upon Jim Jeffries's training camp.  
"See here! you big galoot!" she cried, "don't hit that  
little scamp!"

"He ain't done nothin' 'tall to you; it just ain't fair  
a bit!  
I'll show you how to fit a fight, if fights you got to fit!

"Ye won't let up? Then clear the track! I'll pu'ish  
you, my lad!  
What? Wal s'pose Jeffries BE your name! I'm Sassy  
Sue—I'm mad!"



Look Out for  
the Red Hot  
War Extra!

"T HAT is hot news we are getting from the  
bosom of the war between the Russians  
and the Japs," said the Cigar Store Man.  
"How do you play your war news?"  
asked the Man Higher Up; "on the red or the black?"  
You know they have a new scheme now. You pay your  
penny for a red extra with a number on it, and if the  
news comes true you get 35 cents back. Then you buy  
the 35 cents for oxalic acid to eat the ink off your mi-  
nute.

"You can play high and low, too. If you get  
early enough in the morning to get the red night  
edition and there are 10,000 Russians dead in crimson in  
you wait until you find out that a Russian quar-  
termaster got his ears frosted listening for Japan  
torpedo-boats. By writing to the editor you ear-  
n him to pay back your penny and a penny beside—  
calling under the number slaughtered."

"If you buy the red extras you will know the  
hell. The way they get out a red extra is ex-  
tremely simple. A telegraph operator has a fit. Fifteen  
aging editors immediately gather in a consultation,  
shake dice. The one who is stuck has to fight the  
dice. He sends out and buys a bucket of chop suey  
a caviare sandwich. If he likes the sandwich bet-  
ter than he likes the chop suey he licks the Japs. Other-  
wise he licks the Russians."

"Having framed up the side that is licked, he se-  
lects his trustiest slinger of words and instructs him  
to rewrite the torpedo boat manoeuvres at Newport  
summer. Soon after the streets are suffused, so  
speak, in a soft, pink glow. The red extra is out."

"That is how you come to read 1,000 word dis-  
patches from Muckahi describing how the torpedo  
boats steamed into the harbor just as dawn was break-  
ing; how the lookout screamed 'Holysmokevrit-  
Skiddooosk!' and how the torpedo boats fired a bro-  
side of torpedoes that put the whole fleet on the bliz-  
ard."

"It must be hard to keep track of the move-  
ments of the armies and naval forces so far away," said  
Cigar Store Man.

"It is," answered the Man Higher Up, "but if  
you have a map, an imagination and presses capable  
making an extra look like an exploded roulette wheel  
what's the use?"

## The Irresistible Man.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



We have all met the irresistible man  
—you, gentle reader, with the parted  
pompadour, see him whenever he gazes  
soufully into your eyes and holds you  
hand with a long lingering pressure an-  
tells you what a wonderful feeling it  
gives him to do it.

And you whose masculine and per-  
haps contemptuous eye has strayed mo-  
mentarily from the editorial column  
you glance with quizzical approval at  
him every time you stand on one to  
before the mirror and tie your necktie.  
Oh, no—Nixola is kidding you. For  
in dead, sober earnest every man is ir-  
resistible to some woman and sometimes to many women  
the more the pity.

What makes him so?  
Why, it isn't because he is handsome, for some per-  
fectly irresistible men have been so ugly as to border on the  
repulsive. Witness Mirabeau, who, black and pitted by a  
pox as he was, was one of the most successful leaders of  
the world has known, and the celebrated English  
Wilkes, who, boasting that his physical ugliness was  
slight a handicap, that in love he was never more than  
ten minutes behind the handsomest man in London.

And it is not because he is intellectual. For there are  
wonderful scholars, and scientists whose hearts from lor-  
use have become dry as summer's dust and in whom  
take no more interest than they do in specimens  
natural history museum.

And there are authors who chloroform their own au-  
thorities and other peoples and stick pins in them and spread them  
out on pieces of white paper, like so many dried butter-  
flies, white or spotted, according to the butterfly and the soul  
for that matter. But no woman ever found an author ir-  
resistible, though she may have loved a man who wrote books  
which is quite a different thing.

And yet, though a man is not irresistible because he  
is intelligent, he certainly cannot hope to interest any but  
very small number of women, unless he has brains.

For no matter how silly a woman may be herself, she  
always wise enough to recognize and condemn a man's  
intellectual shortcomings if he has them.

There are certain men, as there are certain women, who  
are irresistible without any one's being able to tell why.

When people want to describe them they say that they  
are charming, without realizing that they have really no  
nothing enlightening, since charm is something that can-  
be explained or defined, but just simply is.

We find these men and women irresistible not because we  
are unable to resist them, but just because they are so alto-  
gether pleasing that we don't want to. Why, we wouldn't  
withstand their fascination if we could.

### A One-Log Log House.

John Muir, the naturalist, while in a forest of huge re-  
woods in California, came across a man who was herding  
band of horses. When Mr. Muir asked if he might have  
some flour, the man said: "Yes, of course, you may have  
anything I've got. Just take my track and it will lead you  
to my camp in a big hollow log on the side of a meadow two  
or three miles from here. I'll be back before night; in the  
mean time make yourself at home." By the middle of the  
afternoon Mr. Muir had discovered "his noble den in a  
fallen sequoia hollowed by fire—a spacious log-house of one  
log, carbon-lined, centuries old, yet sweet and fresh, weath-  
er-proof, earthquake-proof, likely to outlast the most  
durable stone castle."

### A Ducal Crack Shot.

The Archduchess Augusta of Austria has just proved  
self a good shot and a brave one. On a recent in-  
party she chanced upon a large bear and coolly shot  
dead.